



## Select Poetry.

### "OLD TIMES."

There's a beautiful song on the slumberous air,  
That drifts through the valley of dreams;  
It came from a clime where the roses were  
And a hopeful heart and bright brown hair  
That waved in the morning beams:

Soft eyes of azure and eyes of brown,  
And snow-white foreheads are there;  
A glimmering cross and a glittering crown,  
A thorny bed and a couch of down,  
Lost hopes and leafless of prayer.

A breath of Spring in the breezy woods,  
And snow-white foreheads are there;  
Blue violets eyes beneath green hoods,  
A bubble of brooklets, a scent of buds,  
Bird-warble and clambering vines.

A rosy wreath and a dimpled hand,  
A ring and a slighter row—  
Three golden links of a broken band,  
A tiny track on the snow-white sand,  
A tear and a sinless brow.

There's a tincture of grief in the beautiful song  
That sob on the slumberous air,  
And loneliness felt in the festive throng,  
Sinks down on the soul as it trembles along  
From a clime where the roses were.

We heard it first at the dawn of day,  
And it mingled with matin chimes,  
But years have distanced the beautiful lay,  
And its melody flows from far away,  
And we call it now Old Times.

### A WOMAN'S COURAGE.

The blood-red light of sunset was mirroring itself in crimson splashes in the turbid tide of the great Western river; the blackbird was sounding its sweet whistle through the old primeval forests; and Jonathan Beers, sitting by his cabin door, smoked his solitary evening pipe, and thought vaguely of the church bells that used to ring at evening time in the far off Eastern village where he had been born and brought up, with the roar of the Penobscot Bay in his ears.

"I'd like to hear them bells once again afore I die," mused old Jonathan. "But it ain't likely I'll ever go back again."

Even while these disjointed meditations passed through his mind there was a light step on the cabin threshold, and the rustle of stuffy starched pink attire, and his niece Dorothy came to the door.

"Tea's ready, uncle dear," said she, "and I've baked a real New England corn bread, and some ginger-snaps, such as grandamma used to make. And see, uncle, I've sliced up the little red peaches from the tree you planted yourself on the south side of the hill. Israel Esmayne said it wouldn't grow, but it has. I mean to keep a saucerful and a little cream for Israel to night, just to show him."

Old Jonathan laid down his knife and fork:

"Do you mean that Israel Esmayne is coming here to night?"

"Yes, uncle," said Dorothy, stooping to reclaim a tea spoon she had dropped—a slim tea spoon with an antique silver shank carved on its handle—and coming up very rosy from the search. "Why not?"

"Take care, Dot. That's all!"

"Uncle, what do you mean?"

"I mean, child, that I'd rather lay you in your grave in the new burying ground, where there's only one mound yet in the shadow of the church spire, than to see you married to a man who drinks! That's what I mean, Dot."

Dorothy's head dropped over her plate. "Uncle, that is hardly true. Because a man had a bad habit once—"

The soft eyes glittered into a defiant flash.

"You are mistaken uncle, Israel Esmayne has not touched a drop of ardent spirits in a year. He has promised me never to touch it again!"

"I hope he never will, my girl," said Jonathan Beers, although his tone betrayed no very sanguine feeling. "But it ain't a safe thing to do. It's madness, love of liquor is, and nothing stops. It's liable to break out at any time. Israel Esmayne's a good fellow enough. I ain't anything agin him—but it ain't safe!"

Dorothy was silent. Why was it, she asked herself, that men were so severe in judging one another? Why did they always look at the blackest and least promising side of every thing? Israel had promised her. She believed him. And that was enough.

And while she tripped lightly back and forth about her household duties, her mind was full of the undefined future. She could see herself shadowy and undefined as in a mirror, moving in a bright little home where flowers bloomed in the casements, and birds sang, and a clock ticked.

"He is coming! he is coming!" "One of these days," said Dorothy to herself, as she put away the saucer of peaches and the little pitcher of thick cream on a whitey scoured pantry shelf—"one of these days!"

She was thinking of the future. And old Jonathan, smoking his pipe, was living in the past.

"You've somethin' to do with the railroad, stranger; haven't you?"

"I reckon I have," said Israel Esmayne, indifferently. "I'm switchman."

"It don't take up much of your time, I guess?"

"It's got to be looked after just the same, though," said the tall Westerner, as he lifted the last monster log from the cart he was unloading to the thrifty pile at the north end of the house.

Israel looked reflectively at the other shore of the river.

"Well, you might," said he; "but it would be a pretty tight squeeze."

"I'm a good walker," said the stranger, and as he spoke he drew a flat pocket flask from his pocket, uncorked it with his teeth, and drank a copious draught. Israel Esmayne watched him with eager, glittering eyes, like those of some famished wild animal that scents blood.

"Have a drink, friend?" said the stranger, proffering the flask. Israel Esmayne shook his head, with set teeth and lividly pale cheek.

"I never drink," said he, hoarsely. "You would, I guess, if you could get such stuff as this," said the man; "soft as oil and strong as fire. My father imported it. There is not much like it in the country. Taste it, if you don't believe me."

Israel stood for a moment, hesitating. Then he cast an eager glance to the right and to the left, as if half-fearful lest some one should see him, and grasping at the bottle—drank!

The fevered blood mounted to his cheek; a strange sparkle came into his eyes.

"Have you got more like that," he whispered hoarsely, approaching his burning lips so closely to the man's ear that he involuntarily started. "More."

"I've got another flask, but—"

"Will you leave it behind? I'll pay you a good price for it."

"What for?"

Israel's eyes fell guiltily. "In—in case of sickness, you know. We can't buy such liquor here—and it's a lonely spot."

"You are right enough there," said the man, laughing, as he drew out another flat flask, the mate to the first. "Here, take it. Pshaw, friend, put up your purse. You're welcome to it as a gift."

And he was gone, plunging through the high grass and bushes, all fringed with scarlet cardinal flowers and nodding marigolds before Israel could stay him.

Israel Esmayne crept back to his house, or, rather, the rude log cabin which was a sort of hostage that one day a real home should rise on its foundations, holding the flat bottle close to him, and glancing around with furtive, wandering eyes.

"I needed it," he said to himself; "yes I needed it. I didn't know how much until I tasted it. It slips over one's palate like glass, so smooth, so nice, so full of strength. One more taste, and then—"

When the clock struck nine the whistle of the way train sounded faint and far off, and Israel Esmayne rose uncertainly to his feet. The subtle, burning fumes of the liquid flame had entered into his brain; the walls seemed to reel about him, the stars to swim in the great firmament overhead. Nothing was real—all was faint and far off and visionary. But the chains of habit are hard to shake off; and Israel had gone out at nine o'clock every night for over a year. Groping his way, and walking with slow, unsteady steps, he went, still clasping the partially emptied flask to his breast in the inner pocket of his coat.

He could hear the rush of the river below, he could see the rails of the track glistening in the faint starlight; and mechanically feeling under a cluster of spice bushes for the switch key, he knelt down and stupidly fumbled there an instant.

"The way train," he muttered to himself. "It's all right. And then the freight train—half past nine—a quarter to ten; and—"

He stooped down by the river shore and wet his burning forehead with the cool drops he could scoop up in the hollow of his hand. He sat down on a fallen tree, and let his head fall on his palms.

"Am I drunk?" he muttered, half aloud. "O God! have I come to this in spite of everything?"

And the memory of Dorothy Beers and his sacred promise to her rose up in his mind, as one sometimes remembers promises made to the dead. In all the wild, wide, reeling, rocking world of his brain there was but one certainty. He had lost Dorothy, his soft-stepping, sweet-eyed, redeeming angel—the one in all the world who loved and trusted him most implicitly.

"I don't deserve her," he thought scarce able to shape definite thought in his chaotic mind; "but—if I had only fallen down dead before—before I touched that accursed stuff. She would have believed in me then."

The fresh, cool night air on his brow was sobering him a little; the touch of the cold river water cleared the mists of his clouded brain in some degree. He rose up, steadying himself by the slender stem of a young white birch tree that grew close beside him and looked around.

Hark! A clear whistle, half a mile away, cleaving the silence like the call of some sweet throated bird.

It was the express, whose plume of lurid smoke spanned half a continent—the long serpent-like train, glittering with lights, and carrying a great eye of fire in front, which nightly thundered over the line of rails, and shot like a meteor out of sight into the hush and silence of the woods, westward bound.

The way train passed at nine, making a brief stoppage at Hurstley station beyond, a mere wooden shed with a platform on either side. Half an hour afterward a slow and heavy freight train followed it, running off on a side track toward the river shore until the express should have safely passed. And it was the special business of Israel Esmayne to set the switch for the freight, and subsequently replace it for the hurrying express.

Had he done this? With an awful

doubt poisoning his heart, he pressed his hands on his temples and tried to think. He had been there—he could recall just how the dewy rails looked, wet and glistening in the starlight. He had had the switch key in his hand—that he could also remember. But was that before or after the freight had switched off? He could not remember whether the freight had passed or not. He did not know whether he had locked the switches twice or once, or, good heavens, not at all. The past was a swaying vacuum, the future strange and dream like. He closed his eyes, he pressed his temples as if either hand had been a vice of iron, in the wild agonizing effort to recall the last half hour.

"O God!" he groaned aloud, as he threw himself on his face in the wet grass, "am I going mad?"

Something hard struck against his breast-bone as he flung himself down, it was the fatal flask. He tore it out, half full of dark red poison, and dashed it passionately into the bushes. It was that—that that had done all the mischief.

"O Heavenly Father!" he cried aloud, in his great anguish, "if it pleases Thee to avert from me this awful crime of murder done a thousand-fold—and naught but one of Thy miracles can avert it now—I swear before Thee, pavement of stars to touch that devil's broth no more! O God, hear me! O Christ, save me!"

The earth beneath his groveling breast thrilled and quivered as the express train flew over the rails, and Israel Esmayne held his breath, momentarily expecting the awful crash which would stain his soul with the eternal brand of Cain.

Hush! An owl hooting afar off in the woods, the cry of some sad voiced night bird over head, and then—another whistle, clear and cheery. The express had passed through Hurstley—passed through safe and sound! And Israel Esmayne, staggering to his feet, gazed around him an instant, elated vaguely at the air, and then fell unconscious.

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"Uncle, he is coming to. Oh, uncle, I knew—I knew that he was not dead!"

And the soft eyes of Dorothy Beers were the first thing Israel Esmayne saw as his soul came out of the world of shadows and oblivion, with old Jonathan leaning on his cane just beyond.

"Tell me, Dot," he gasped. "How was it? The—switches?"

"It was my girl did it," said the old man. "She come by, and she heard the freight a whistlin', and she seen the switches wasn't right, nor no signal, nor nothin'." "Something's happened," says my girl. "Israel's been took ill, or dead," says she. And there lay the key in the middle of the track, and she catches it up, and she unlocks the switches—you showed her how to do it yourself, Esmayne, one summer afternoon—and she hangs up the white lantern. And there she stands, with her heart a-beatin' fit to choke her, till the freight gets off. And she calls to one of the brakemen, 'Set these 'ere right for the express,' says she. 'Quick! or there may be a thousand lives lost.' 'Where's the switch-tender,' says he. 'God only knows!' says my Dot. And so she comes back arter me. 'Uncle,' she says, all white and tremblin' like, 'come with me.' 'What for?' says I. 'To look for Israel,' says she. 'I don't sleep this night,' says my Dot, 'till we've found him!'

"God bless her!" cried out Esmayne, in a choked voice. "God be thanked for all his mercies."

"Was it a fit?" said the old man, curiously. "How did it come on?"

But Israel Esmayne spoke no word on the subject, either then or ever; he married Dorothy Beers in the spring, and he has sacredly kept his vows. If he lives to be a hundred years old, he will still keep it. And Dot, though she never knew it, had redeemed him.

ROBERT COLLYER'S ANVIL.—Once upon a time a gentleman drew up his horse near a smithy in a Yorkshire village. On entering it, he hardly arrested the attention of a boy who seemed to be absorbed in the work of blowing the bellows. Closer observation revealed the presence of a book—its pages kept open by two bits of iron—placed on a shelf near the lad's head. Each time he brought down the bellows or released it, he seemed to catch a sentence from the book.

A generation passed away. The little village had grown to be a brilliant town. Low thatched houses had made way before fine mansions, and the smithy in which the above incident was observed was drawing near to its day of disappearance. But before that day arrived another gentleman appeared at the door, and inspected with some interest an anvil standing in the centre of the shop.

"How long has that anvil been here?" he asked of the blacksmith.

"Why," said the workman, "it must have been here thirty or forty years."

"Well," said the gentleman, "I will give you twice as much for that anvil as will buy you a new one."

"Certainly," replied the puzzled smith; "but I would like to know what you want with this anvil."

"I will tell you. There was formerly an apprentice in this shop who used to work on it. That boy is now become a great man. Thousands love and honor him as a friend and a teacher, and I wish to carry back this anvil as a memorial of the humble beginning of his life."—Moxon D. Cosway, in *Harper's Magazine* for May.

The Iowa "Arbor Day," as established by the Iowa Horticultural Society, is April 20—a day set apart annually for the planting of trees. That society offers a list of twenty-one premiums to be paid for groves and belts of timber, to be awarded in the fall—those premiums amounting to \$200 this year.

An Ayrshire cow was recently sold in Massachusetts, which gave her weight in milk every twenty-six days from April to October.

## Agricultural.

### The Cultivation of Corn.

A correspondent of *The Journal of the Farm* says:—The cultivation of the young corn plants varies according as to the season and soil, as well as the skill and utensils used by the farmer. Some use nothing but the plow, and plow the ground both ways from two to four times, others use the cultivator alone, and cultivate it from three to five times, and others will, as soon as the corn is up, run a harrow over the corn rows to mellow the ground and break up the clods before going over it with the plow and cultivator.

I think the whole art of raising fine crops of corn is in getting the ground in good order before planting. Give your land plenty of good stable manure or portable fertilizers, if you wish it to give you good crops. After it is properly prepared and manured, and the crop gets to a height of five or six inches, it should be kept free from weeds and the ground kept mellow around its roots by cultivating, plowing and hoeing freely, as the moisture of the season and surface of the ground may require. But in going through with these operations the greatest care should be taken not to tear up or disturb the roots of the corn. Corn should never be worked when the ground is wet, as ground worked when it is wet will dry into a hard cake or crust, and thereby injure your corn. It should be freely worked when the ground is dry, as it will then loosen up and be enabled to absorb the dew of night and moisture of the air.

Corn requires more labor and attention than any other crop on the farm, and can be cultivated at times when but little other work is pressing upon the farmer. It is a good plan to plant pumpkins in the row, and thereby save a crop of them without extra labor or expense. The corn does not sustain any injury from it, but is greatly benefited in dry weather, as the vines keep the ground moist around the roots. Pumpkins can be kept a long time if stored in a good dry cellar.

MANURING SMALL FRUITS.—A correspondent desires to be informed what small fruits are most and what least benefited by manuring. In answer, we would say, in a general way, manure such small fruits as are perfectly hardy and which overbear, and avoid manuring rampant growers, the productiveness of which is diminished too much by growing rapidly. Hence you rarely find such great berries as the Wilson strawberry manured too much, while blackberries, which often grow seven or eight in a year, will commonly do better, bear better, ripen their wood more perfectly, and become harder, if manured little or none; and on naturally rich soil, they often do better to let grass grow in the rows. Slow growing grapes, like the Delaware, are better if enriched; strong growers succeed if merely cultivated. The practice must of course vary with the previous condition or fertility of the soil.—*Albany Cultivator*.

BUY SMALL TREES.—A number of years ago I procured a lot of English Morcello Cherry trees, only one year from the bud, and but two feet high. I employed two farm hands to dig the holes and set them out, and while they were thus employed I noticed one of them punch the other in the ribs, and chucking, "What a fool to waste his money on these switches!"

"Since then I have sold enough fruit from these trees to pay both of their wages for several years, and—well a little over, beside. Take the advice of one who loves trees dearly, and who has attended to their wants personally for very many years, and never be persuaded that extra-sized specimens come into bearing sooner than small trees."—*Es*.

Many fruit men cannot understand why such famous apples as the Northern Spy and Spitzenberg are not more popular at the South. In the Southern vocabulary, "hardiness" means the power of resisting the long hot summers, and not the cold of winter, so that no matter how well the Baldwin and other Northern varieties succeed elsewhere, they are not worth ground room at the South. Now the Winesap, the still older Grindstone, Tewksbury Winter Blush, Domino, Hall, Albemarle Pippin, Queen, and Lady do succeed in Virginia, and these are precisely what Virginians should plant, and no others save for experiment.

A New Hampshire farmer tells his brethren, "We will never get our rights by grumbling." He could say nothing truer. No farmer ever changed the weather by grumbling about it, nor produced a good crop by croaking. It may not be generally known, but it dawned upon some observers long ago that the greatest croakers and grumblers the world over are those who make the least effort to get things right.

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## The Fur Seal Islands of Alaska.

Up in the heart, as it were, of Bohring Sea lies a small group of islands, to the rocky shores of which annually repair millions of highly organized animals to breed and shed their hair and fur. Insignificant landmarks are there, the Pribylov islands, but the sixty square miles of their area support more available wealth to-day than all the rest of the five hundred thousand belonging to Alaska—a strange stockyard of amphibious beasts, which are universally deemed wild and wary, but among millions of which the agents of the Government walk on their tours of inspection without giving or experiencing serious alarm.

It is remarkable that while thousands of men and millions of dollars have been employed in capturing, dressing, and selling fur seal skins during the last hundred years, yet since the time of Steller, in 1781, up to the beginning of the last decade, even the scientific world knew nothing definitely in regard to the habits of this valuable animal, although the truth connected with the life of this seal of the Pribylov Islands is far stranger than fiction.

With the exception of our seal islands, there are none others of much importance elsewhere in the world, the vast breeding grounds in the antarctic having been, by the united efforts of all nationalities, misguided, short-sighted, and greedy of gain, entirely depopulated. Only a few thousand and unhappy stragglers are now to be seen on the Falkland Islands and contiguous islets, where millions once were found, and small rookeries are protected and fostered by the government of Buenos Ayres north and south of the mouth of the Rio de la Plata; but the seal life on the Pribylov Islands, thanks to the foresight of the Russians, has been preserved to the present day in all of its integrity and wonder.

The seal islands of Alaska are four in number, two of which, however, are mere rocks, and of little or no importance compared with the others, St. Paul and St. George, the former of which is the great seal ground of the northern hemisphere, and without a parallel at the present time on the face of the globe. This little island lies in latitude 57° 8' north, longitude 170° 12' west, and visited annually by five or six millions of fur seals; while St. George, lying to the southeast, only twenty-seven miles from St. Paul, is reported to be less than two hundred and fifty thousand, the nature of the coast, high, bald, and bluff, not permitting the breeding seals to lie upon the beaches in safety. The other two unimportant islets—Oter, five miles south of St. Paul, and Walrus Island, six miles east of the same—are not worthy of mention, especially the latter, upon which herds of hundreds of immense bull walrus can be viewed to the greatest advantage at all seasons of the year, in company with clouds of breeding water-fowl.—HENRY W. ELLIOTT, in *Harper's Magazine* for May.

A very curious little story, all about a flock of geese, comes to us from Butler county, California. On the 28th of last month a thunder storm passed over this district, accompanied by hail and snow and very vivid forked lightning.

As the hail began to fall and the lightning flashed, thousands of wild geese, which were in the ponds of shallow water, which exist in that locality during very wet winters, suddenly rose up in a great flutter, as if many hunters had discharged a volley among them. They went up and up, apparently to rise above the fearful cloud. It was nearly dark, and those who saw them rise thought no more of it until morning, when they began to find dead geese and hear of hundreds being picked up by the neighbors. Some seven hundred had been found. One man picked up on his farm all two horses could haul for their fathers. Their heads were badly torn and their bills split into fragments. Many of them had the feathers of their backs crisp and burnt and their bodies burst open. The portion of the country thus affected was about a mile and a half wide and reached several miles into Butler county. The terrible lightning in this cloud was witnessed by people on the Hotent in Yuba county and in the central portion of this county. The thunder was heard twenty miles distant.

THE SEVEN SLEEPERS.—"It would awaken the seven sleepers" is a common saying; but we venture to say that half who use it do not know its origin. The legend runs that seven noble youths of Ephesus, during the persecution of the Christians by Decius, a Roman Emperor of the third century, fled and took refuge in a cavern, and having been pursued and discovered were walled in, and thus left to perish. They are said to have fallen asleep, and in that state were miraculously preserved for nearly two centuries, when their bodies having been found in the cavern, were taken out and exposed to the veneration of the faithful. Then it was said these holy martyrs were not dead; that they had been hid in the cavern where they had fallen asleep, and that they at last awoke, to the astonishment of the spectators. The spot is still shown at Ephesus where the pretended miracle took place, and the Persians celebrate annually the feast of the Seven Sleepers.

At a young ladies' debating club the following question was lately discussed:—"Which gives a girl the most pleasure—to hear herself praised, or to hear another girl run down?" No decision arrived at.

## Lookout Mountain.

Most persons in this country or in Europe who have heard of Lookout Mountain since "the war" have also been told of the "battle above the clouds." It was my fortune to scale the remarkable pali-side at the time when the broad plateau which runs along its summit was literally enshrouded in formidable mists. The rain was falling in torrents as, with two companions, I galloped through the little town at the foot of the mountain; but, ere we had scaled the winding road, the shower was over, and a brisk wind began to stir the mists. We could see little but the ledges along whose sides the route ran, but as we arrived nearly at the summit, the mist curtain was lifted for an instant, and revealed to us a delicious expanse of valley, with sunlight smiles here and there chasing away the rain's tears. Then we were shrouded in again, and our horses, apparently inspired by the gloomy grandeur of the occasion, rattled furiously along the hard roads, over which the boughs hung uncomfortably near our heads. The red sandy clay nourishes enormous pines, whose roots have here and there been disturbed by the sandstone boulders, and stretched out their fibers in a desperate grasp; along the pathways great blocks of stone, carved by the storms and polished by the winds, are scattered. We galloped nearly to the massive perpendicular wall which arises directly out of the valley, and disdainfully frowns down upon the Tennessee, spurned from its base fourteen hundred feet below; and tethering our horses, approached to the very edge. There we seemed shut off from all the world. Now and then a hum from the valley—the faint growl of a locomotive or the rolling of wheels—came faintly up; we heard the cow-bells and the bleating of the sheep on the hillsides behind us; and just as we were trying to imagine how "the battle" must have been, the wind came sweeping away the mist curtain, and—

—we beheld the whole?—*Edward King*; "Southern Mountain Rambles," *Scribner's for May*.

A FEELING TRIBUTE.—A Philadelphia editor thus relieves his mind on a subject familiar to all newspaper offices—the inevitable Pub. Doc.:—"We owe our thanks to Judge Kelley for the latest Patent Office reports. We already have sixteen hundred of these interesting volumes in our library, but they have been read and re-read so many times that we know every page of them by heart. This new volume came opportunely and gratefully on Christmas morning, and that night we gathered our little family around the fire and read it through to them."

The affecting tale entitled "Improvement in Monkey Wrenches" seemed to touch every heart, and when we came to the climax of the little story about "Reversible Pickards," there was not a dry eye between the front door and the stable. During the reading of the piteous narrative entitled "Gang washers for Carriage Axles," the whole family gave expression to boisterous emotion, and the hired girl was so much excited that she lost her presence of mind, and went around to her mother's inadvertently with six pounds of sugar and a butter kettle full of flour, and came home at midnight, intoxicated. We can never sufficiently thank Judge Kelley for the innocent enjoyment thus furnished us.

The memory of that happy evening will linger in our minds very much longer than that hired girl ever lingers when she lights on a substance which she thinks will suit the constitution of her aged parents."

A California miner, fond of whisky, attempted to obtain a drink surreptitiously from a soda-water bottle, which the foreman had in a box in the wagon. Watching when the overseer had turned away for a minute, he slipped up to the wagon, silyly inserted his hand, took out the soda-water bottle and swallowed the contents, but just then the foreman discovered him, and saw that he had drunk a bottle of quicksilver instead of the coveted whisky. All the window glass in the neighborhood was collected, and the miner was kept busy for two days breathing on the panes to convert them into mirrors.

The Women's Temperance Movement at the East will, probably, be somewhat unlike that of the West, the circumstances of the two sections being different. They propose first to call upon the clergymen of New York, and if they are not driven off by a mob of Sunday-school boys and theological students, they then propose to try the various newspaper offices. If they can get the clergymen and the editors, they will feel like beginning on the grocers. The Etcher hopes these preliminary movements will not be accompanied by any violence before the pounding of a few pulpits.—*Scribner's for May*.

"How much better it would have been to have shaken hands and allow it was all a mistake," said a Detroit judge. "Then the lion and the lamb would have lain down together, and white-robed peace would have fanned you with her smiles of approbation. But no; you went to clawing and biting and rolling in the mud, and here you are. It's \$5 apiece."

The Detroit Free Post remarked:—"Susan B. Anthony says she'd like to see a man throw a flat-iron at her, she would. So would we, and we'd want it to happen about half an hour before one of her lectures."

A fortune-telling swindler was arrested in Baltimore recently, and at the examination one witness stated that he had paid the prisoner at various times sums amounting to \$600, "to have her husband's affliction restored."

## Wit and Humor.

### Mary's Little Lamb.

From Deacon Richard Smith's Cincinnati Sermon.

Mary possessed a diminutive sheep, whose external covering was as devoid of color as the congealed aureous fluid which occasionally presents insurmountable barriers



## The Middletown Transcript.

EDWARD REYNOLDS, Editor.

MIDDLETOWN, DEL.

SATURDAY MORNING, APRIL 25, 1874.

**NEWSPAPER PROGRESS.**—The Crisis of Mr. Leader, came to us last week in an enlarged and greatly improved form. Its columns have been considerably lengthened and one added to each page. It is now a twenty-eight column paper filled with interesting matter, well printed, nicely made up, and altogether one of the most successful of our local exchanges. May its success in the future be proportioned to its desert, and it will have no reason to complain.

We would call the attention of our readers to the notice of the opening of a writing school by Prof. M. T. Smiley at the Academy on Monday night next. Prof. S. comes strongly recommended by persons of responsibility and stations in other towns where he has given lessons. Specimens of his handwriting can be seen at the post-office. They are of a most excellent character, and show a most skillful handling of the pen. A fine opportunity is now offered to learn to write.

That the Administration party at Washington are getting in frightfully bad odor with the people is no longer a question of doubt. The recent elections all over the country have clearly demonstrated this truth. It would be idle to speculate upon all the causes which operate to produce this result, but some of them are so apparent that he who runs may read. In one of Shakespeare's plays an old King, pressing the bad reign of his successor, utters what may pass for a description of Grant's administration. When we think of some of his appointments, both foreign and domestic, these lines seem very apt: Have you a ruffian that will swear, drink, dance, Revel the night; rob, murder, and commit The oldest sins, the newest kind of ways?

England shall double gild his treble guilt; England shall give him office, honor, might.—*Exchange.*

**ATTORNEY GENERAL.**—The following just and well merited tribute to a deserving public official will be read with pleasure by, and receive the commendation of, every good citizen to whom a strict and conscientious discharge of, and attention to, the duties of his office is a virtue worthy of approbation:—

The term of Attorney General Lore, expires before the next session of the Court in Sussex, and we trust that Gov. Ponder will appoint a successor worthy of the high position. Mr. Lore has not only made many warm friends, but has won a reputation which is by no means unequaled as a conscientious and able officer; as a courteous gentleman he has no superior.

He was eminently fitted for the place, and his career has not lowered the standard or done discredit to the office. Indeed his efforts in the important cases have evinced ability which has challenged the admiration of the court, the bar and the people.—*Sussex Journal.*

**SUMNER'S SUCCESSOR.**—At last, after halting thirty-two times for nothing, the Massachusetts Legislature, on Friday of last week, succeeded, on the thirty-third ballot, in getting a candidate who was acceptable to the two wings of the Republican party and Gov. Wm. B. Washburn was elected and called to leave the gubernatorial chair for a seat in the United States Senate in place of the deceased Senator Sumner. So long and tedious was the contest between the friends of Congressman Dawes and ex-Judge Hoar, that many began to hope that Judge Curtis, who was supported by the Democrats, or Charles Francis Adams would be taken up as a compromise between the rival factions. But those men are of too high character and too unlike Sumner, Butler, Andrews and others of like ilk to suit the radicals of Massachusetts. Banks, too, had destroyed his popularity among the "moral reformers" by advocating a more moderate course toward the South than was acceptable to "Christian New England;" hence he also was rejected.

Of Governor Washburn we will say nothing, but that he is by no means the equal of Curtis or Andrews, either in mental capacity or statesmanship no one unacquainted with his record will deny. Mr. Washburn has always been a politician; was in the Legislature of Massachusetts for several years, served in Congress eight years, and for two or three years has been Governor of the State.

His election will not, probably, be altogether acceptable to Butler, for it will be remembered he beat the Dutch Gap Loro in the hard fought contest for the Governorship last fall.

**VETO OF THE INFLATION BILL.**—No act of President Grant's administration has excited him to such widespread approval of the people at large as the refusal to allow the bill to increase the volume of the paper currency recently passed by Congress, to become a law. Business men, and all who realize and appreciate the value of a safe and sound currency, have been looking forward to the re-employment of the President as a relief from

the inconveniences and financial disasters which arise from a debased and depreciated paper currency. The passage of the bill to increase the amount of that currency had greatly dampened their hopes and the return to gold seemed to be postponed almost indefinitely, and a repetition of the panic of 1873 at no very distant day was looked forward to as a natural and unfeigned result of the blinded action of Congress. President Grant, by his timely and manly veto, has set at rest, for the present at least, these gloomy forebodings, and business, it is hoped, will now resume its wonted activity.

Not until gold and silver are again in circulation as the currency of the country will the finances be placed upon a firm and substantial basis. While the paper circulation is too large to allow of its reaching a par value, no return to gold may be looked for.

An increase of paper currency is advocated as a remedy for the stringent condition of the money market, the result of the panic of last fall. It will not be denied that inflation would have that effect temporarily, but it would only make a return to specie the more difficult and though it would offer present relief it would lay up a greater store of evil for the future.

President Grant deserves the thanks of the entire nation for the course he has pursued, and if his veto will have the effect, as we hope it will, to permanently prevent this unnecessary and useless inflation of the greenback currency he will have conferred a lasting blessing upon the business interests of the country.

**THE CASE OF DR. HUSTON.**—It may not be generally known that the case of Rev. Dr. Huston, formerly of Baltimore, convicted of grossly immoral conduct and unanimously expelled from the Baltimore Conference, will come up again at the General Conference in Louisville in May. The Baltimore Conference of the M. E. Church South, when the trial came up, assigned Rev. Dr. S. S. Rossell, now of Staunton, Va., as the counsel for the accused. After the verdict, Dr. Rossell, not thinking the evidence justified it, appealed the case for his client to the highest church tribunal—the General Conference, and it will be heard there at the approaching session. Having taken the case up, Dr. Rossell will, we presume, still be the counsel.

The reports of volcanic symptoms in Western North Carolina are revived. Private despatches received in Raleigh last week from the disturbed region say that on Tuesday last there were "severe and heavy rumblings" in Bald and Stone Mountains, and that "the tremblings of the earth were felt for more than one hundred miles from the mountains." These shocks were severer than any preceding, and induced the scientists of North Carolina to believe in the imminence of an eruption.

Walker and Webster Lyons, all colored, were hanged at Thomasville, Ga., on Friday, for the murder of a printer named Hall, and the poisoning of his wife. It was rumored that a colored mob of five hundred would attempt to prevent the hanging, and a military force was therefore in readiness, but no rescue was attempted. The murderers were hanged in the jail yard, and the public were admitted to view the bodies before they were taken down.

The danger of carelessly and foolishly playing with firearms was strikingly shown in our town the other day. A young man snapped a gun (which he supposed to be unloaded) in the very face of another person three times. Upon examination, the gun was found to be loaded and primed, and the fourth time it was tried, went off, the contents making a large hole in a plank at which the gun was aimed.—*Pine-needle (Va.) Herald.*

It is stated that one hundred temperance ladies of Pittsburg left that city last Tuesday evening in a special train for Harrisburg, where they intend to appear before the Legislature in opposition to the repeal of the local option laws, and to the bill allowing distilleries to sell liquor in local option counties.

At a meeting of oil producers, held on Tuesday in Petrolia, Pa., the question of discontinuing drilling, with a view to advance the price of oil, was discussed. A large majority of the operators decided on a suspension of ninety days, and it is thought all the others will join them.

The troubles at Little Rock resulted last Tuesday evening in a skirmish between the Brooks and Baxter forces in front of the State House, in which several men were wounded. The contestants were separated by the United States troops, and matters became quiet after dark.

A Memphis despatch reports that the entire Washita Valley is overflowed, and the river is still rising. The towns of Trenton, Monroe, Columbia, Harrisonburg and Trinity, and nearly all the plantations along the river, have suffered greatly. The damage is estimated at \$1,000,000.

Over \$16,000 worth of silks have been seized by the custom officers on the Cunard steamship Russia, at New York. An attempt was made to land the goods in trunks, as personal baggage. It is said they belonged to a wealthy importer on Broadway.

An act passed by the Legislature of Maryland prevents the manager of any place of amusement from marking seats reserved—unless they were sold before the entertainment opened—under a penalty of \$5 for each seat so marked.

A soldier stationed at Sioux City received \$3000 two weeks ago and spent the last dollar of it in nine days, making one purchase of eighteen barrels of whiskey and giving them away to his friends.

The cable between Santiago de Cuba and Havana has been repaired, and communications between the West Indies, New York and Europe, was opened last week.

**DEAR EDITOR:**—Your correspondent experienced great pleasure in being present at the marriage ceremony and reception of Mary E. Chatham, daughter of Benj. F. Chatham, M. D., Cashier of the Philadelphia National Bank, to Edwin Mortimer Hunt, a young lawyer of note and promise. The ceremony took place at the Broad St. M. E. Church, corner of Broad and Arch Sts., on Wednesday evening, 15th inst., before a large and fashionable assembly, composed of relatives, friends, and of the elite of West Philadelphia. The church was brilliantly lighted, showing to advantage the varied costumes of the fair sex, among whom, your correspondent noticed some faces familiar in the Capital and other portions of your State. The bridal party was quite punctual, arriving shortly after 8 P. M. (the hour fixed for the ceremony.) They proceeded up the aisle in the following order:—First, the four ushers, two and two; next the three bridesmaids with their attending groomsmen; then the groom and the bride's mother; finally the bride leaning upon the arm of her father. The party arranged themselves fronting the minister, (Rev. J. Walker Jackson,) and the ceremony commenced. The answers of the groom were clear and distinct, those of the bride being at times quite inaudible. She was attired in a very handsome white satin dress without trimmings, a large train, a veil and the usual bridal wreath of orange blossoms. The bridesmaids were arrayed in white silk and tulle, tastefully trimmed with flowers. After the benediction had been pronounced the entire party proceeded down the aisle to the strains of "Mendelssohn's Wedding March," and the large audience slowly dispersed, being much pleased with the sight they had witnessed.

A reception was held at the house of the bride's parents, No. 3442 Chestnut St., West Phila., from 9 until 11 P. M., at which a large and select company were present, and congratulations were poured in from all sides, upon the happy couple. The bride presents, consisting mostly of silver, were numerous and valuable, occupying a large space devoted for that purpose in an upper room. The display of flowers was in short, magnificent. A long description might be given of the decorations beautiful to behold, and filling the house with sweet odors, that one might almost imagine he was roaming through some garden in the month of June. One large pyramid in particular was beautifully arranged. It stood in the centre of a table its point almost reaching the ceiling. Upon close examination this pyramid was found to be composed of moss baskets filled with cut flowers and bouquets, which, later in the evening, were distributed amongst the guests. The entertainment given was a bounteous one, everything being on hand that one might wish for.

The festivities were continued until near midnight, the bride and groom leaving shortly after 11 P. M. for an extended trip west and north, carrying with them the good wishes and congratulations of their friends, and yours truly.

**THE LADIES AT WORK.**

From each pulpit on Sunday last we read the following call, and to it appended many earnest words of encouragement: "There will be a meeting of ladies at the Academy on Tuesday, P. M., of this week, at four o'clock, to confer together in reference to the subject of Temperance. All ladies interested in the object are cordially and earnestly invited to attend."

The heroism required to inaugurate a Temperance movement in Middletown is only known to one residing in the place. Keenly alive to the necessity of helping forward the great cause, one brave, heroic woman has labored faithfully and almost silently, dragging the subject from the slum of ridicule and contempt up to respectability and eminence, with what flattering result was shown on Tuesday last in the meeting of the representative women of Middletown at the Academy. About fifty persons assembled, without regard to denomination, to adopt such measures as should seem practicable. Intelligence, culture and harmony especially characterized the proceedings. The effort was one of prayerful earnestness, the work promised for the future steady, womanly, unflinching. Mrs. Dr. McClure was called to preside permanently. The hymn, "Nearer, my God, to Thee," was sung, and Scriptural passages were read from Exodus 3d chap. 2d verse, and from 7th to 9th verse, inclusive. Also, Joshua 1st chap. 1st and 9th verses. A touchingly beautiful prayer, commending our cause to the Great All Father, followed.

From a late number of Scribner's Monthly we read Dr. Holland's most excellent article, which seemed to embody in clear, terse language all that we wished to set forth.

Other appropriate selections were read, and many forcible comments made. The object of the meeting having been stated thus fully, the basis of an organization was unanimously adopted, which read as follows:

Painfully realizing the enormity of the evil resulting from the use of intoxicating liquors as a drink, we, women of Middletown, Del., and vicinity, deem it our imperative duty to institute measures which shall lead to its discontinuance, and for this end we do hereby organize ourselves into an Association to combine our efforts to use all practicable means for its prevention. Also, we will use our influence for the adoption of such measures as we may deem wise to secure just legislation tending to the universal suppression of the manufacture and traffic in intoxicating liquors in this State and the United States, except for medicinal, chemical and medicinal purposes.

The following officers were appointed: President, Mrs. Dr. McClure; Vice Presidents, Mrs. A. G. Cox, Mrs. H. N. Willets, Mrs. Geo. Derrickson, Mrs. Dr. Mat-

lack; Secretary and Treasurer, Mrs. J. B. Clarkson. A managing committee was also appointed, and efficient plans of labor proposed, but owing to the lateness of the hour the meeting adjourned, to convene again on Saturday of this week, at 3 P. M., at the Academy, to which all ladies are most cordially and earnestly invited.

### Current Literature.

**SCRIBNER'S FOR MAY.**—Julien Verne's new story "The Mysterious Island," is continued in the May number of SCRIBNER'S, with which number a new volume of this magazine is begun. In the same number Edward King has another "Great South" chapter, profusely illustrated. Mr. King deals, this month, with the mountains of Tennessee, Georgia and South Carolina. "Adina," an interesting story by Henry James, Jr., is begun, and will be concluded in June; Mr. Richardson's illustrated paper on "The New Homes of New York," tells and suggests much about the "flat" system of living. Mr. Ruffner, Superintendent of Public Instruction of the State of Virginia, gives his own decided opinion on "The Co-Education of the White and Colored Races." Mr. Taylor's "District School," the opening poem, is charmingly illustrated by Sol. Eytinge; and Miss Trafton's "Katherine Earle" is also illustrated. Dr. Holland, in Topics of the Time, writes about "Star Lecturing," "The Great Temperance Movement" and "Political Morality." The Old Cabinet contains "A Crooked Line" and "The Woodspurge." The Etchings this month are enlarged to four pages, and Home and Society deals entirely with the fashions.

**ST. NICHOLAS FOR MAY.**—The May number of this excellent Youth's magazine comes to us filled with more than its usual quantity of pretty pictures and interesting reading. The frontispiece is a very large and fine engraving illustrating a passage in Goethe's poem "Johanna Sebus." There are several other beautiful engravings making this a choice number of this always acceptable monthly. There are several interesting and amusing stories which cannot fail to please the little folks. The Departments are all good as usual, especially Jack-in-the-Pulpit. The Riddle Box contains one of the best puzzles of the day, an every-day song, written in the "Language of the Restless Imps."

On Friday last, three men left the ship Zimi, outside the bar at the southwest pass of the Mississippi, to reach the telegraph station, but their boat was blown off to the westward. The captain's gig, with six men, was sent to their rescue, but both boats were blown out in the Gulf by a squall and have not been heard of since.

### New Advertisements.

**NOSVITE I T**

**TO THE PEOPLE OF MIDDLETOWN, APRIL 23, 74.**

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## Jones' Adjustable Peach Assorter.

WHEATLAND, APRIL 25th, 1874.

### TO PEACH GROWERS:

After thoroughly testing the above machine, I can now, without hesitation, fully recommend it as the most valuable acquisition ever offered to the peach grower. It is simple in its construction, easily worked, and growers may depend that the fruit in passing through receives no bruise or injury whatever. With it, one man and two boys can, with perfect ease, cull 1000 baskets per day, taking out all the leaves, twigs, soft and speckled fruit, and assort the balance into three sizes, (viz: cullings, primes, and extras) much more regularly than can be done by hand. The rollers being set with a numbered gauge, if the grower states the variety and number in the manifest, both the salesman and buyer are enabled to at once know the size of a given mark though it may be covered by others, or shipped in different cars. Those wanting these machines the coming season will please send in their orders in time, as it is my intention to have them built upon orders only. For further information address the undersigned, who will answer any questions and forward circulars containing testimonials from the following well known gentlemen, all of whom have seen my old machine in full operation: Ex-Gov. Ross, of Seaford, Del.; Hon. B. T. Biggs, Del.; Col. Edward Wilkins, Chestertown, Md.; R. S. Griffith, Esq., Sassafras, Md.; Dr. H. Ridgely, Dover, Del.; J. Alexander Fulton, Dover, Del.; Richardson & Robbins, Dover, Del.; E. T. Evans, Esq., Middletown, Del.; F. T. Perry, Esq., Odessa, Del.; D. J. Cummins, Esq., Smyrna, Del.; W. T. Caveader, Esq., Smyrna, Del.; John S. Collins & Co., Lebanon, Del.

**JOHN A. JONES,**  
Near Mt. Pleasant, Delaware.

P. S.—I will be at the Post Office in Middletown on Thursday and Friday next from 10 to 4 o'clock, and although I cannot show the machine to advantage without having peaches, I will take pleasure in explaining its principle and showing its movements to all.

### New Advertisements.

## Special Notice! MILLET SEED,

HAVING PURCHASED THE BALANCE OF

**DEAN'S**

CELEBRATED

**SPRING CASSIMERES,**

I WILL OFFER THEM TO THE BUYING PUBLIC AT THE UNPRECEDENTEDLY LOW PRICE OF

**75 CENTS PER YARD,**

(Less 10 per cent. Discount for Cash.)

SAMPLES SENT BY MAIL TO PARTIES AT A DISTANCE IF APPLIED FOR SOON.

ALSO, A LARGE STOCK OF

**EASTERN CASSIMERES**

At 50c, 75c. and \$1 per yard,

SUITABLE FOR

**MEN'S AND BOY'S WEAR.**

Samples Furnished on Application.

**S. M. Reynolds,**

No. 1 Cochran Square.

APRIL 25TH, 1874.—1m

Oh, yes! Oh, yes! Oh, yes!

Well, this beats old Nick, that

**S. A. WHITLOCK & CO.,**

Opposite the National Hotel,

**MIDDLETOWN, DELAWARE,**

Will take in trade, at highest market price, anything that is raised by the farmer for anything kept in our line—such as the best brands of

**FLOUR and FEED,**

Manufactured by Messrs. Wm. Lea & Sons,

**AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS,**

Such as Wood's, Taber & Morse's Portable and Agricultural Engines, Taylor's Steel-Tooth Hay Rake, Cutting Boxes, Plows, Harrows, Mowing and Reaping Machines. All warranted made from the best material.

**SEEDS OF ALL KINDS, FRESH,**

White-washing Lime, (Jackson's.)

**Rambo's and Kennedy's Land Lime,**

Either by rail or water.

Give us a call, and see if we do not try to please you. S. A. WHITLOCK & CO., Middletown, Del. apr 25-ly.

## For Sale and Rent.

### FOR RENT.

A pleasant two-story Dwelling, containing seven rooms. On first floor, parlor, sitting room and kitchen; on second floor, four chambers; cellar under the kitchen; pump convenient; carriage house, stable and poultry house. Good garden. Large yard, well shaded, in front and rear of dwelling. Situated on the State road, one half mile below Odessa. All in good condition. Possession given on the 25th of March ensuing. For terms &c., inquire of JAMES V. MOORE, Odessa, Del. Mch 7-ly

### FOR RENT.

THE valuable Business Stand and Dwelling, with excellent Stable, Carriage House, and yard, on the N. E. corner of Main and Cass Sts., Middletown, Del. Apply to J. THOS. BUDD, mar 21-ly. Agent for J. B. Deakins.

### FOR RENT.

STORE No. 1 Town Hall is for rent. Apply to E. M. HANSON, Middletown, Del. apr 11-ly

### FOR SALE.

A first-class second-hand "Russell" Thresher, straps and everything in complete order, and as good as new. Also, a Horse-power, "Pelton" patent; only run one season. apr 18-ly W. M. R. ROTHWELL.

### FOR RENT, CHEAP.

A large and comfortable dwelling, with large garden and yard, two miles from Middletown. Apply to B. F. HANSON, on the premises, or to E. C. CHURMAN, Middletown, Del. 314-ly

### FOR RENT.

TWO Store Rooms on Main street, opposite the Peninsular Machine Works, suitable for Millinery or Trimming Store. One of them is at present in the tenure of Mrs. Mary E. Harvey. Apply to J. H. SCOWDRICK, Jan 24th-ly.

### Hotels, &c.

**NATIONAL HOTEL,**  
Opposite R. R. Depot, MIDDLETOWN, DELAWARE.

HAVING taken the above well-known house, I am prepared to accommodate my friends and the public generally in first-class style and at reasonable rates. The Bar will always be supplied with the choicest Wines, Liquors and Segars. Patronage solicited. JACKSON BRIANT, Proprietor, Formerly of Davis' Hotel, Phila. Oct 11-6m

**NEW HOTEL**  
At Townsend, Del.

**TOWNSEND HOUSE.**

OPEN June 1st, 1872, will accommodate the travelling public and permanent boarders at very reasonable rates. The bar will at all times be stocked with choice wines, liquors, Tobaccos and Segars. Fine oysters in season. Hoping by strict attention to business to merit a liberal share of the public patronage generally. JAMES C. TOWNSEND, Proprietor. June 8-ly.

### Sallions.

**Membrino and Abdallah Stallion, SLASHER.**

Slasher, bay, 16 hands, 4 years old, sired by Ashland, son of Membrino Chief. 1st dam, young Peach Blossom, by Van Sickler's Abdallah, son of Old Abdallah, 2d dam, Peach Blossom, by Membrino, Jr., son of Old Membrino, 3d dam, Nostrand mare, by imp. Belfounder, will make the season of 1874, at Odessa, Del., Mondays, Tuesdays and Wednesdays; at St. Georges, Thursdays, Fridays and Saturdays.

**Hambletonian Stallion, DUNLAP.**

Dunlap, bay, 16 hands, 4 years old, sired by Knickerbocker, son of Rydyk's Hambletonian; dam, the Lemon Mare, by Paul Clifford, son of Bill's Vermont Black Hawk. Paul Clifford's dam by Young Hambletonian by Bishop's Hambletonian, by imp. Messenger, will make the season of 1874, at St. Georges, Del., Mondays, Tuesdays and Wednesdays; at Summit Bridge Thursdays, Fridays and Saturdays. Terms, \$10; to insure, \$20, by season. For circulars or other particulars, address THOMAS J. GRAVEN, St. Georges, Del. April 4-ly.

**THE HAMBLETONIAN STALLION LIBERTY,**

Will make the Spring season at Middletown, Del. commencing April 1st. TERMS: For one mare, \$40.00; two mares, \$35.00 per mare. In every case, \$5.00 of cash or balance shall be due at certain money, and the balance when the mare proves to be with foal. An inspection of his colts is invited. Premiums of \$100 offered for the get of '74. For full particulars apply to Hambletonian Stock Association, mar 21-ly. Middletown, Del.

**THE THOROUGH-BRED STALLION LEGATEE.**

Will stand the season at the Hotel of Mr. Gillespie, Warwick, Maryland. Legatee was by Lexington, who was by Boston by Sarpedon. Out of Levity (Ruric's dam), by Imported Trueter. Pronounced by competent judges, one of the best horses in America. A sure foal getter. TERMS: \$25.00 the season. E. A. VANNORT, M. D. Hanesville P. O., Kent county, Md. March 7th, 1874.—ly.

**WILMINGTON AND READING RAILROAD.**

ON and after Monday, April 20th, 1874, trains will run over Reading Branch to and from Reading without change of cars, on following times:

GOING NORTHWARD.	STATIONS.	LEAVING SOUTHWARD.
No. 2, No. 4, No. 6, P. M. A. M.		No. 3, No. 5, No. 7, noon, P. M. P. M.
3:45 7:30	Wilmington,	9:15 6:50
4:35 8:25	Chambersburg,	8:25 7:11
5:25 9:20	Conowingo,	7:30 8:00 7:10
6:45 10:10	3:30 Springfield,	6:24 4:15 6:10
7:25 10:40	8:10 Birdersburg,	6:52 3:45 3:45
8:00 11:10	8:45 Reading,	6:20 3:15 5:00

**CONNECTIONS.**  
At Wilmington, with trains on Philadelphia, Wilmington & Baltimore, and Delaware Railroads; at Chambersburg, with trains on Philadelphia & Baltimore Central Railroad; at Conowingo, with trains on Pennsylvania Railroad, and at Reading, with trains on Philadelphia & Reading, Lebanon Valley, East Pennsylvania, and Reading & Columbia Railroads. C. STOLZ, General Superintendent.







